The Latter-Day Saints'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.—*Rev.* ii. 7.

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EPISTLE.

Great Salt Lake City, July 20th, 1849.

TO ELDER ORSON HYDE, AND THE AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH IN POTTAWATAMIE COUNTY, IOWA.

Dear brethren,—Since our last letter of April last, some matters have transpired which we consider worthy of your attention. The weather has been favourble for farming interest generally, and our crops so far bid fair to realize the common expectations; and we feel confident, that if strict economy is used, grain enough will be raised to meet the wants of the Saints here; but let it be understood by those expecting to immigrate to this valley, that they depend not upon the people here for a supply of provisions, but to bring their outfits with them. This refers to this season if any wish to start this fall, though our counsel is, not to start after this arrives.

On the 16th of June, the gold diggers began to arrive here on their way to the gold regions of California; since which time our peaceful valley has appeared like the half-way house of the pilgrims to Mecca, and still they come and go, and probably will continue to do so till fall. As many quit their wagons and pack at this point, and as many of their animals become worn down through fatigue, horses and mules are commanding high prices to complete the journey to the land of the gold dust.

From all appearance many will have to stop here late in the fall, and tarry with us through the winter. Goods and groceries are already beginning to stop and are sold at fair prices.

The health of the Saints is as good as we can ask, and we feel thankful to our Father in heaven for so great a blessing. The council house, our roads, bridges, bathing houses, &c., are progressing as fast as we can spare time from our agricultural labors to do them.

We are preparing to celebrate the 24th of July as the anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, in a manner that shall characterize the Saints as the true sons and daughters of liberty.

We have already erected a shade or building (on spiles or posts) measuring 100 feet by 60, for that memorable day, and for the purpose of meetings hereafter.

The weather has been steady with few exceptions. The warmest day we have noted, the thermometer at 2 P.M. stood at 104 deg. in the shade.

Elder C. C. Rich to the Bay of San Francisco, and Elder Addison Pratt, with some two or three of the Seventies to the islands in the Pacific, will start across the Desert immediately after our celebration. We can truly say that the Saints live up to the old *Mormon Motto* and "mind their own business," by which the valley of the Great Salt Lake is bursting into a city of habitations; where, if humility and love continue to increase with industry and economy, plenty and union will crown

the efforts of all that the Lord designs to bless. Law suits and mobs are far from this valley of peace, and may they ever remain so.

The brethren in Pottawatamie County, Iowa, Missouri, Nauvoo and vicinities, must remember, pause, and reflect, that we came to this valley when there was no house nor fence, and no corn nor wheat, save what we brought with us; and that our every nerve, and all our energies will be exerted to sustain ourselves, to build houses, fences, and raise grain, which, from all appearances must command as high a price as from five dollars to ten dollars per bushel for wheat, and from two dollars to six dollars for corn, and other things in proportion.

When these small matters of journeying more than a thousand miles over the sage plains, and settling, and preparing to live, and sustain ourselves with the common necessaries of life are overcome, then the poor shall feel our helping hand to assist them to remove to this valley.

In the bonds of the New and Everlasting Covenant, dear brethren, we remain, yours, truly,

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
HEBER C. KIMBALL.
WILLARD RICHARDS.

THE MORMON VALLEY NEAR THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

(*From the New York Tribune, October* 9, 1849.)

From the overland emigrants to California we have later news, which is, however, much of the same purport as that before received. A great deal of sickness is reported among them: and for 500 miles, as we are told, the road over which they pass is strewed with the bodies of dead beasts of burden. Our last letters are dated from the Great Salt Lake, where the Mormons are established.—One of the correspondents of *The Tribune* gives a minute and curious account of this singular sect, and the results of their industry in their new home. We give it a place here, confident that our European readers will find it interesting. Our correspondent writes under the date of July 8:—

"The company of gold-diggers which I have the honour to command, arrived here on the third inst., and judge our feelings when, after some twelve hundred miles of travel through an uncultivated desert, and the last one hundred miles of the distance through and among lofty mountains and narrow and difficult ravines, we found ourselves suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, in a comparative paradise.

"We descended the last mountain by a passage excessively steep and abrupt, and continued our gradual descent through a narrow *canon* for five or six miles, when, suddenly emerging from the pass, an extensive and cultivated valley opened before us, at the same instant that we caught a glimpse of the distant bosom of the Great Salt Lake, which lay expanded before us to the westward, at the distance of some twenty miles.

"Descending the table land which bordered the valley, extensive herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, were grazing in every direction, reminding us of that home and civilization from which we had so widely departed—for as yet the fields and houses were in the distance. Passing over some miles of pasture land, we at length found ourselves in a broad and fenced street, extending westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of wood or sun-dried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us, some thousands in number, and occupying a spot about as large as the city of New York. They were mostly small, one story high, and perhaps not more than one occupying an acre of land. The whole space for miles, excepting the streets and houses, was in a high state of cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvest, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax, and all kinds of garden vegetables, were growing in profusion, and seemed about in the same state of forwardness as in the same latitude in the States.

"At first sight of all these signs of cultivation in the wilderness, we were

transported with wonder and pleasure. Some wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy—while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization. We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial centre, some business point in this great metropolis of the mountains; but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign-post, cake and beer-shop, barber pole, market-house, grocery, provision, dry goods, or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another, not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was any where discernible.

"Here, then, was something new: an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labour—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment, an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of "Socialism" or "Mormonism." In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barbers' shops, because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbour; no stores, because they had no goods to sell nor time to traffic; no centre of business, because all were too busy to make a centre.

"There was abundance of mechanic shops, of dressmakers, milliners, and tailors, &c.; but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Beside their several trades, all must cultivate the land, or die; for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Every one had his lot, and built on it; every one cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

"And the strangest of all was, that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten months of the time of our arrival; while at the same time, good bridges were erected over the principal streams, and the country settlements extended nearly one hundred miles up and down the valley.

"This territory, state, or, as some term it, 'Mormon Empire,' may justly be considered as one of the greatest prodiges of the age, and, in comparison with its age, the most gigantic of all republics in existence, being only its second year since the first seed of cultivation was planted, or the first civilized habitation commenced. If these people were such thieves and robbers as their enemies represented them in the States, I must think they have greatly reformed in point of industry since coming to the mountains.

"I this day attended worship with them, in the open air. Some thousands of well dressed, intelligent-looking people assembled; some on foot, some in carriages, and on horseback. Many were neatly, and even fashionably clad. The beauty and neatness of the ladies reminded me of some of our best congregations in New York. They had a choir of both sexes, who performed extremely well, accompanied by a band who played well on almost every instrument of modern invention. Peals of the most sweet, sacred, and solemn music filled the air, after which, a solemn prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Grant, (a Latter-day Saint), of Philadelphia. Then followed various business advertisements, read by the clerk. Among these I remember a call of the seventeenth ward, by its presiding bishop, to some business meeting; a call for a meeting of the thirty-second quorum of the seventy, and a meeting of the officers of the second cohort of the military legion, &c., &c.

"After this, came a lengthy discourse from Mr. Brigham Young, president of the society, partaking somewhat of politics, much of religion and philosophy, and a little on the subject of gold, showing the wealth, strength, and glory of England, growing out of her coal mines, iron, and industry; and the weakness, corruption, and degradation of Spanish America, Spain, &c., growing out of her gold, silver, &c., and her idle habits.

"Every one seemed interested and pleased with his remarks, and all appeared to be contented to stay at home and pursue a persevering industry, although mountains of gold were near them. The able speaker painted in lively colours the ruin which would be brought upon the United States by gold, and boldly predicted that they would be overthrown because they had killed the prophets, stoned and rejected

those who were sent to call them to repentance, and finally plundered and driven the church of the Saints from their midst, and burned and desolated their city and temple. He said God had a reckoning with that people, and gold would be the instrument of their overthrow. The constitutions and laws were good, in fact, the best in the world, but the administrators were corrupt, and the laws and constitutions were not carried out. Therefore they must fall. He further observed, that the people here would petition to be organized into a territory under that same government, notwithstanding its abuses, and that, if granted, they would stand by the constitution and laws of the United States; while at the same time he denounced their corruption and abuses.

"But, said the speaker, we ask no odds of them, whether they grant us our petition or not! We never will ask any odds of a nation who has driven us from our homes. If they grant us our rights, well; if not, well; they can do no more than they have done. They, and ourselves, and all men, are in the hands of the great God, who will govern all things for good, and all will be right, and work together for good to them that serve God.

"Such, in part, was the discourse to which we listened in the strongholds of the mountains. *The Mormons are not dead, nor is their spirit broken.* And, if I mistake not, there is a noble, daring, stern, and democratic spirit swelling in their bosoms, which will people these mountains with a race of independent men, and influence the destiny of our country and the world for a hundred generations. In their religion they seem charitable, devoted, and sincere; in their politics, bold, daring, and determined; in their domestic circle, quiet, affectionate, and happy; while in industry, skill, and intelligence, they have few equals, and no superiors on the earth.

"I had many strange feelings while contemplating this new civilization growing up so suddenly in the wilderness. I almost wished I could awake from my golden dream, and find it but a dream; while I pursued my domestic duties as quiet, as happy, and contented as this strange people."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

(*From the Frontier Guardian.*)

The Mail arrived from the Salt Lake on Monday evening, September 3. A. W. Babbitt, Esq., arrived here on Monday evening last, thirty-six days from the valley of the Salt Lake, having been water-bound on the route eight days. He came safely through with one man and seven horses, and a light wagon in which he brought the mail.

News from the valley is quite encouraging. The crickets entirely disappear where fowls and swine are permitted to range. They have suffered comparatively none this year by those insects. Their wheat crops are good, corn looks prosperous —beets, carrots, squashes, pumpkins, and other vegetables are excellent. The health of the citizens there was good, and great activity in business prevailed. About twelve or fifteen thousand California emigrants passed through the valley, and about three thousand calculated to winter there. Many of the Californians have been baptized, and intend to make that place their home—some of the first class of them for wealth, character, and influence. No difficulty occurred between our people and the California emigrants, and the Indians are all friendly, and seem anxious to learn and to become civilized. They wish to learn to cultivate the soil, so that they can have plenty of bread, &c.

Our people celebrated the 24th of July instead of the 4th, for two reasons:—one was, because that was the day on which Brother Young and the pioneers first entered the valley; and the other was, they had little or no bread, or flour to make cakes, &c., that early, and not wishing to celebrate on empty stomachs, they postponed it till their harvest came in. A full description of the feast and celebration may be expected in our next. We are only able to sketch the heads of the news this week for want of time and space, but we intend to pour out the whole flood in our next number. The valley has been a place of general deposit for property, goods, &c., by Californians. When they saw a few bags and kegs of gold dust that had been gathered and brought in by our boys, it made them completely enthusiastic. Pack

mules and horses, that were worth twenty-five or thirty dollars in ordinary times, would readily bring two hundred dollars in the most valuable property at the lowest price. Goods and other property were daily offered at auction in all parts of the city. For a light Yankee wagon, sometimes three or four great heavy ones would be offered in exchange, and a yoke of oxen thrown in at that. Common domestic sheeting sold from five to ten cents per yard by the bolt. The best of spades and shovels for fifty cents each. Vests that cost in St. Louis one dollar and fifty cents each, were sold at Salt Lake for three bits, or 37½ cents. Full chests of joiners' tools that would cost 150 dollars in the east, were sold in that place for 25 dollars. Indeed, almost every article, except sugar and coffee, is selling on an average, fifty per cent below wholesale prices in the eastern cities. Would it not be a grand speculation for Kanesville and St. Joseph merchants to go to the Salt Lake to lay in their fall stock of goods? They can buy plenty of wagons there for less than one-half what the iron cost in St. Louis, and any number of cattle to haul them back. This kind of operation has put the people on their legs in the valley, but when the alcohol was brought forward and sold, it threw some of them off their legs, not having had any for a couple of years or so, and being rather exhausted by digging gold all the time. They were not wise to hazard a contest with so potent an enemy, more to be dreaded than the mobs of Illinois. The people there think more of their wheat crop than of the gold mines. They know, because they have been made to feel, its superior worth. Many of the emigrants would pay no attention to the warnings of our people not to let their cattle drink of the water so strongly impregnated with saleratus. They said it was all a "Mormon humbug" about the alkali being strong enough to kill their cattle, and the consequences were, that more than 2000 dead carcases of oxen lay strewed along the way, and the very offensive smell caused thereby, rendered it almost impossible to travel near the road. The cholera has been very fatal among the Indians. In one place Mr. Babbitt mentions as having passed ten deserted lodges, with many dead Indians laying about, and their bodies torn and half eaten by the wolves.

He met Livingston and Kinkade's company, commanded by William Miller, about 200 miles west of Laramie, then all well. Met Egan at Weber river—Hickman and Hatch beyond the South Pass—Perkin's and Taylor's company this side of Laramie. They had one stampede; about a 150 teams hitched up, took fright in the day time, and ran with their loads like wild buffalo. One lady was killed, (Mrs. Hawk,) and several others badly bruised and injured. George S.'s and Ezra's company were all well, but getting along slowly on account of high water and constant rains. Gully, Mc. Carty, and Kellogg died of cholera out of the first company. But four of our people died of cholera on the road.

Mr. Babbitt certainly deserves our thanks and praise for his perseverance in swimming rivers, and towing over his wagon on rafts, made with a hatchet, and tied together with larrietts. It cannot be a very pleasant job to freight a rude sort of raft with a wagon, and push off into a rapid current, and pull out about one quarter of the distance across, then take one end of the rope in your teeth, while the other end is attached to the raft, and plunge into the stream like a spaniel, and swim over with craft and cargo in tow, being swept down the stream over snags and sawyers for a quarter or half a mile, as Mr. Babbitt informs us has been his lot in two or three instances. But, oh! the sacrifice of property thrown out and left by the road side by the Californians, between Laramie and the valley, is beyond calculation, as Mr. Babbitt informs us. General Wilson is getting slowly on; he will have to remain in the valley this winter most likely, and not visit the *diggins* until spring. Mr. Babbitt thinks that Livingston and Kinkade will be broken merchants, because of so many goods getting to the valley before theirs, and having been sold for less than prime cost. The market is glutted.

As we have no more space, we reserve particulars for the next *Guardian*.

We learn by Mr. Babbitt, that Major Simonson has established the government post at Smith's Fork of the Bear river, about fifty miles from the Salt Lake City. We learn from the same source that the citizens of the Great Basin have organized a provisional government, called the "State of Deseret," under which the civil policy of the nation is duly administered, and will so continue until Congress shall otherwise provide by law.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM AMERICA.

FROM P. P. PRATT.

Great Salt Lake City, July 8, 1849.

Dear Brother Orson,—I wrote to you by last April's mail a lengthy communication or two, embracing many subjects, and the general news of interest. The United States mail goes out one week from Monday next, I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to inform you that myself and family are well.

It is a general time of health here, and it always has been. It has been hard times for bread, but harvest has now commenced. I have cut some wheat which I intend to thrash to-morrow. Crops are many of them fine. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, corn and vegetables all do well.

As a grazing country, there is scarce its equal on the globe. Milk, cheese, butter, beef, &c., are very fine and abundant. The region around us would support millions of cattle and sheep, not only in the vallies but on the mountains. Our cattle climb the highest hills, and delight to graze on the sides of the steepest declivities where it is possible for them to climb.

The best foundation for a living in this country would be a herd of young heifers, driven from the States, or a drove of sheep. Butter, cheese, milk, beef, &c., will always find a ready market, and command a high price, because of the travel and traffic therewith, as well as domestic consumption. The present travel through this place, or near it, will, it is thought, amount to some thirty or forty thousand persons. All will centre here another year, and much of it does this year. This employs blacksmiths, pack-saddlers, washing, board, &c., and opens a large trade in provisions, cattle, mules, horses, &c.

Scores or hundreds of people now arrive here daily, and all stop to rest and refit. After crossing the great prairie wilderness for a thousand miles, where nothing is seen like civilization or cultivation, this spot suddenly bursts upon their astonished vision like a paradise in the midst of the desert. So great is the effect, that many of them burst forth in an ecstasy of admiration on emerging from the kanyon, and gaining a first view of our town and its fields and gardens. Some shed tears, some shout, some dance and skip for joy; and all doubtless feel the spirit of the place resting upon them, with its joyous and heavenly influence bearing witness that here live the industrious—the free—the intelligent, and the good. In truth our town now presents a plateau of several square miles, dotted with houses, and every foot of it, except the broad and pleasant streets, enclosed and under cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat, are waving in the breeze. Corn, oats, flax, and garden vegetation fill the vacuum, and extend every way as far as the eye can distinguish objects. To say nothing of one field south of, and adjoining the city, of some 7,000 acres, fenced and mostly cultivated, and several smaller ones in different directions.

One may now ride on a good carriage road, from Brownville uo the Weber river on the north, to the Provo river of the Utah Lake on the south, a distance of near one hundred miles, fine cultivated fields and civilized dwellings, more or less, from one extreme to the other. Good frame bridges are already completed across many of the streams. We have three grist mills, and some ten or a dozen saw mills in operation, or in progress. Timber here is abundant, and inexhaustible in the mountains.

I had like to have forgot about the gold, which is almost as plentiful as stones, over in the California mountains. But this climate is so healthy, and the air so pure, that the gold fever troubles none but transient persons. The inhabitants who have become acclimated here, seldom, if ever, feel even the symptoms of that raging disease which has carried off so many, and turned the brains of so many others in the states and nations of the world.

We are sorry to hear of the cholera among the Saints, and of its ravages among our Welsh emigrating brethren; but so it is, and it only confirms me in my dislike to the present route of emigration. I hope, ere long, that we will find a better route from Europe to this place

I have heard nothing from my brothers or from my mother, or any of my family abroad. I get no letters, so I conclude I have no friends or acquaintances in the

States or in the British Isles who remember me; but I will continue to write to them, and perhaps they will be awakened to a remembrance that brother Parley once appeared among them with glad tidings, and should not be forgotten.

The first presidency are well, and in good spirits. The twelve are well. A Lyman has been sent to the coast, C. C. Rich is being sent thither, and Addison Pratt to the Isles of the Pacific.

Our Council House is progressing. It is a stone building, two stories high, and 45 feet square, and at present the most substantial building in our city. It would grace New York, or any other city in the States. I don't know when I shall be sent away. I am studying the Spanish language, and preparing for Spanish America.

I must now close my letter, and prepare for meeting. So, dear brother, with the best wishes, and kindest remembrances of myself, my family, and of brother Vancott and family, I say farewell.

P. P. PRATT.

Two o'Clock.—We have had a good meeting, brother Young preached. All were edified, some laughed, and some, probably, wept.

I was at the Utah Lake last week, and of all the fisheries I ever saw, that exceeds all. I saw thousands caught by hand, both by Indians and whites. I could buy a hundred, which would each weigh a pound, for a piece of tobacco as large as my finger. They simply put their hand into the stream, and throw them out as fast as they can pick them up.

Five thousand barrels of fish might be secured there annually, just as well as less.

Great numbers of strangers attend our meetings now every Sabbath, and we feel as if we were about in the middle of the world, and in as good a place to preach the gospel to all the world as can be found. My love to all my friends in the British Isles.

P. P. PRATT.

FROM W. WOODRUFF.

Cambridgeport, Massachusets, October 13th, 1849.

Dear Brother Pratt,—I forward you by mail, a copy of the *New York Weekly Herald*, of October 13th. I hope you will get it that you may see a specimen of what is now being published to the whole world, as far as scores of the most noted American journals can reach, in giving their views on Mormonism. The world has, at last, awoke as from a deep sleep, and are as much astonished as though they were rocked by an earthquake, merely by catching one short view of Mormonism, which they supposed to be *lost, dead,* and *buried;* but alas! they turn their eyes towards the West, and behold it has risen from the dead and stands forth in bold relief as an *independent sovereign state,* (by the name of *Deseret,*) holding in its hand the key of the North American Continent, with their "nobles being of themselves, and their governors proceeding out of the midst of them." Yes, you will see by the *Herald* that the Saints in the Great Basin have organized a state government, and elected their governor (Brigham Young), and all necessary officers, and have two delegates to Congress (A. W. Babbitt and Dr. Burnhisel), bearing their petitions, to be received into the Union upon an equal footing with the other States. The tone of many of the journals are very favourable, and say to Congress, give their petitions—receive them into the Union with their state government. Whether the Gentiles are coming to the light of Zion or not, from 15 to 20,000 have passed through their city this season after gold, and on seeing a few bags of gold dust the brethren had brought from the mines, they became so frantic to get there, and finding they could not get there this season with their ox teams, and heavy wagons, and loads of goods, they exchanged, in some instances, three heavy wagons for one light one, and flung in a yoke of oxen to boot. They filled the valley full of goods, which was bought at auction for one half or quarter the price of their original wholesale price at New York or St. Louis. This has set the Saints upon their legs as far as goods are concerned. Horses and mules rose to 200 dollars, while you could buy any amount of wagons for half what the iron cost at St. Louis to make them with. Dr. Burnhisel has been with me one week, he says the road is literally strewed with many kinds of property from the valley to Fort Laramie, and the road is spotted with the dead of both man and beast. The Saints warned the gold diggers not to let their cattle drink of the poisonous and saleratus springs, but they said it was

all a Mormon humbug. The consequence was some 5,000 head of cattle died in the regions of the springs, which lie strewed over the ground, the stench of which is very troublesome to those who pass by. It is said that some 35,000 gold diggers had passed over that rout this season, besides the Saints, and some 60,000 head of animals. The last accounts from the gold diggers was that there were 500 wagons between South Pass and Fort Hall entirely helpless; all their teams having been drowned in crossing streams, or died for want of grass, and hundreds were then dying daily, and the road near blocked up at some passes with broken down wagons and teams, and the men had become mad because they could not get by or go a-head; they were fighting and killing each other. An express had been sent from Fort Hall for assistance to gather the destitute into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, that must die if they had not help. How singular it is that the people of the States should have driven so many thousands of the Saints into the wilderness, and then thousands of the same people who had driven them out, so soon to call upon the poor exiled Saints to save them from starvation and death.

About 3,000 of the emigrators bound for San Francisco have stopt in the valley, and settled with the church, many of whom have been baptized and joined the church; many of whom are among the most respectable and wealthy. They are astonished at the *gospel, religious principles, and talents* which they find congregated in the valley. Many highly interesting letters are written from the gold seekers, while in the valley, to their friends in the States, which are published in the *New York Tribune, Herald,* and other papers; which are giving Mormonism a more elevated station in the public mind than it has ever held before. Even the world is beginning to behold that Mormonism will not die, but that it will live, and grow, and prosper, and build up a Zion.

The following is an extract of a letter from the presidency to me, dated July 25.

"Our prospects for grain are tolerably good, and if we are not flooded with emigrants intending for the mines, but compelled to tarry here, we shall have plenty for the ensuing year. Our wheat harvest is now at its height and is coming off far better than appearances seemed to warrant. The spirit of industry which has ever characterized the Saints of the Most High God, has been brought to bear with wonderful effect upon the burning and arid desert. The next time that you encounter the hardship, privation, and toil of a journey over the plains and mountains, you will meet with a very different reception from what attended your first arrival here. Friends will greet your arrival, and the products of the earth will administer to your comfort. Our city and valley are fast improving. Roads are being made, and bridges, mills, and houses building on every side with astonishing rapidity considering our circumstances and the disadvantages under which we labour. But the blessings of health, peace, and union have attended us: hence our prosperity. We have a settlement in the Utah Valley, and have extended north above the Weber river. We have to irrigate land which is considerable labor, but will diminish as we improve in fixtures and experience. One thing is certain, all the necessary products of the earth for the sustenance of man can be raised. You have probably learned before this that we are endeavouring to obtain a recognition from the United States. Dr. Burnhisel is east upon this business, and brother A. W. Babbitt will leave to-morrow, as our delegate to Washington. Our object is to gain admission as a sovereign state into the Union. Whenever you can use your influence to further this object do so. Also *gather up the Saints and come on with all you can bring* another season. We shall be quite happy to see you, as will all your friends. * * * We had, yesterday, a celebration of the anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in this valley. It was a day long to be remembered. Your father enjoyed it well, being one of the 24 aged fathers selected as a part of the escort. For full details of these proceedings see the *Frontier Guardian*. Wishing for the peace of heaven to rest upon you, we remain your brethren in the gospel of Christ,

BRIGHAM YOUNG,
HEBER C. KIMBALL, WILLARD RICHARDS."

We are all well. I shall make my calculations to leave for the valley next spring, if the Lord will. Mrs. Woodruff, with myself, wish to be remembered to brother and sister Pratt, and all the Saints with you. Yours, in the truth,

WILFORD WOODRUFF.

FROM G. A. SMITH AND E. T. BENSON.

Camp of Israel, near Fort Childs, 208 miles from Winter Quarters, Aug. 5, 1849.

Brother O. Hyde,—While the bright and glorious luminary of day is mounting up from his eastern temple, and the camps of Israel are carreled on the open prairie, with the canopy of heaven for their coverings, (except their canvass,) and the herdsman is guarding the cattle with rifle in hand, and the camps are busy in doing the duty devolving upon them; by our request our clerk has seated himself to write a hasty sketch to you, for the "*Guardian*" and to all others whom it may concern. We received with joy the letters you sent us by Capt. Kane on the morning of the 2d inst., and we wish you to embrace every opportunity in doing the like, and we will cheerfully return the compliment. We have had no serious accidents in our camps—all have enjoyed tolerable good health with one or two exceptions. We have met with no losses of cattle; indeed in every thing we have been blessed, for which we feel to raise our prayers and hearts of thanksgiving and gratitude to our Father in heaven; surely the angel of mercy has gone before us, and round about the camps of Israel. We have had two or three stampedes, before we adopted the plan of chaining and tying up our cattle, since then, none in our camp has occurred, but our cattle rest in peace and quietness. We carrel our loose cattle, horses, and sheep, inside, and our oxen outside, which we think the safest plan, in case of fright, or a stampede, and we find it answers well, and we recommend to every company coming to adopt the same plan, *tie up*, and to the merchants in Kanesville to keep on hand a good supply of ropes, of good quality and strength for the purpose, and let none come without a supply sufficient for their cattle. In Capt. Richards's company a stampede took place last Sabbath evening, but not serious, and without loss—they carreled. His company we expect is at Elm Creek, thirteen miles a-head of us. On our journey thus far we have passed seven graves, some of gold diggers, others of the Saints—all but one (an infant) died of cholera, as the head-boards inform us. Among others we see the name of A. Kellogg, at Prairie Creek, 157 miles from Winter Quarters, he died of cholera 23rd June last. Also Samuel Gully, captain of one hundred, in Brother O. Spencer's company of Saints, lies 185 miles from Winter Quarters, in the open prairie, his grave neatly tufted over; died of cholera, July 5th, 1849, aged 39 years. Along side of his lies another, Henry Vanderhoof, of the same company, bound for California gold regions; died of cholera, July 4th. So you perceive the destroyer is on these vast plains as well as in the cities and towns.

We found a note from Capt. Allen Taylor, left on the grave of a gold digger, a few days ago, informing us, that his company had found a few miles below the Fort, fifty-one head of oxen and steers, and four cows; and from some men that have been from the camp to the Fort, we further learn this morning, that between the Fort and where they found the first cattle, they found some fifty head more. The company stopped opposite the Fort, sent over for the officers, to come and see if the cattle belonged to them, *i. e.*, the Government; the officers said they did not, and they proceeded on with them. In the note Capt. Taylor wishes "we had a few yoke of them to help us," we have accordingly sent on Capt. Patten, with three or four others, to get a few yoke, as our wagons are heavily laden with church property, &c., and the roads have been very heavy, muddy, and miry, rendered so by the incessant rains we have had on the plains. Yesterday morning we experienced a very heavy shower of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, mingled with hail, some were supposed to be one and a half inches in diameter.

Capt. Richards's company discovered a new ford across the Loup Fork, about 6¾ miles below the upper ford, opposite to an old Pawnee village. The ford is a good one, we think, far superior to either of the others. We crossed upwards of one hundred wagons in a little over half a day, together with our cattle, sheep, &c., labouring under the disadvantage of a high wind—all safe. A good place for camping on the opposite side.

Since we wrote you concerning our organization at the Elk Horn, we have had a reorganization at the Platte Liberty Pole, which we deemed advisable. The rules of the camps are the same as those adopted by President Young's company last year The camps are denominated G. A. Smith's, including the Welsh company, and E. T. Benson's, including the Norwegian company. It was thought proper to divide thus

on account of numbers, and so separate the camps, but keep close to each other. The officers are as follows:

Isaac Clarke, President of both Camps,

In G. A. Smith's Company—W. I. Appleby, William Draper, Counsellors; Elisha Everetts, Captain of one hundred; William Patten, Captain of fifty; Asael Thorn, Captain of the guard; Captain Dan Jones, Marshal; Thomas Jeremy, Daniel Daniels, Lysander Gee, Gashum C. Case, Miram Tanner, Captains of tens; Cable Tary, Clerk.

In E. T. Benson's Company—Charles Hopkins, Captain of fifty; Samuel Malin, Captain of the guard; James Cragan, Marshal; Azael T. Talcott, Elisha Wilcox, Sherman Gilbert, Christian Hyer, Henry Boley, Captains of tens.

W. I. Appleby, General Clerk of both Camps and Journalist.

The reason why we are anxious for all companies coming this way to tie up their cattle, is because of loss and danger. Indeed, there are but few that can comprehend the terrors of a stampede. Picture to yourselves, three or four hundred head of frightened oxen, steers, cows, &c., running, bellowing, roaring, foaming, mad and furious—the ground shaking beneath their feet like an earthquake, chains rattling, yokes cracking, horns flying, and the cry of the guard, "every man in camp turn out." Horses mounted, and in the darkness of the night, through high grass, sloughs, mud and mire, pursue the bellowing and furious herd, leaving the women and children frightened with a few guards with rifles to guard the camp. After an hour or two, perhaps, the cattle will begin to get weary and quieted, and if luck and fortune attends, the horsemen will head them and drive them back to camp, except those that sometimes swim the rivers, &c. The terrors of a stampede are not soon forgotten. Good chains and ropes to tie up will prevent all this.

We close by saying, may peace and the blessings of heaven attend you all, and let your prayers ascend to heaven's throne for our welfare, and not only us but all the camps. Send us on some newspapers whenever you can, and other intelligence. May we meet again in the Valley of the Mountains of Joseph, is the prayer of, your brethren in Christ.

GEORGE A. SMITH,
W. I. APPLEBY, Clerk. EZRA T. BENSON,

Camp of Israel, Indian Territory, Sandy Bluffs, 280 miles from Winter Quarters, August 12, 1849.

Dear Brother O. Pratt,—This morning, while the rain is wetting our canvass, and bids fair for a stormy day, I thought I would send you a hasty sketch of our journey thus far on our way to the Salt Lake, and offer a few suggestions to the Saints in England and other places, that will be of advantage to them in their emigration.

First, then, I left home and went into camp on the 23rd day of June last, after months' exertion of labour and toil, and at last was obliged to borrow ten yoke of cattle to roll into camp with; however, I have got along tolerable well, for which I feel truly thankful. We left Winter Quarters on the 14th day of July, with about 130 wagons. At the Platte Liberty Pole, for convenience, herding, &c., we divided the company into two camps, denominated G. A. Smith's camp, including the Welsh company (under Captain Dan Jones, consisting of some twenty-five wagons) and E. T. Benson's, including the Norwegian company, making two camps, yet travelling and encamping near each other all the while. Our progress, thus far, you will perceive has been slow, owing to the wet, muddy, and miry state of the roads, rendered so by the incessant rains we have experienced since we left the Elk Horn; indeed it has been shower after shower of wind, rain, thunder, lightning, and hail. There has been no scarcity of water all through this Indian country, nearly every creek that was dry heretofore when the emigrating companies passed, has now plenty of water in them, and the grass on the prairies is very little behind the prolific yield of the prairies of Illinois.

We are now encamped on Skuuk Creek, near the Sandy Bluffs—plenty of wood, water, and rich pasture. Our cattle stand the journey thus far very well; our camps are enjoying health and peace; no deaths, losses, or serious accidents have occurred in our midst. Surely the angel of mercy and protection is round about, and goes before the camps of Israel, and may he still continue to go before us to preserve our lives, our cattle, herds, wagons, and provisions—vanquish the destroyer,

guide and protect us safely to our destined haven. There were two or three stampedes among our cattle, until we adopted the plan of chaining and tying them up every night; since then we have had no stampedes, but our cattle have rested in quietness. We carrel our horses, sheep, and loose cattle inside, our oxen outside of the carrel, which we think the best and safest way. We would suggest the propriety, and recommend the same to all the Saints that purpose emigrating, to provide themselves with plenty of good grass rope, one-half or five-eights in diameter for tying up, about ten feet to an ox, or steer, or cow, and also to provide some good heavy ox chains, in addition to their lighter ones, in case of doubling several yoke together, when needed in miry places; and have good strong wagons, not too heavy, with high wheels, tight beds, and the bottom and side boards where they meet, bevelled together to prevent the water running through, and thereby lose their flour, as has been the case in a few instances to a small extent in our camp; also procure a good thick twilled material, either cotton or linen, for wagon covers, Russian duck, No. 8; likewise a few yoke of good extra oxen to a company, in case of accident. These are things we recommend to the Saints, which if embraced or adopted, we feel confident will be a benefit unto them, especially the tying up of cattle. No one that has not witnessed a stampede of cattle on these plains, has any idea of the terrors, and dangers, and losses sometimes that accompany them. Contemplate a camp of 50 or 100 wagons all carreled, with about 1000 head of cattle, oxen, steers, cows, &c., with some 3 to 500 souls, consisting of men, women, and children, all wrapt in midnight slumber, with every prospect of peace and quietness when they retired to rest in their wagons under their frail canvass covering, with the guards pacing their several rounds, crying the hour of the night, &c.; when all of a sudden, a roar equal to distant thunder, which causes the ground to shake, is heard; the bellowing and roaring of furious, maddened, and frightened cattle, with the cracking of yokes, breaking of chains, and sometimes of wagons, is heard—away they go, rushing furiously over guards or any thing else that is not invulnerable to them. Hear the guard cry out, a "stampede! every man in camp turn out." Horses are mounted, and through the storm and darkness of the night, with the rifle in hand, the roar and sound of the cattle are followed; sometimes rivers are swam, and hundreds of heads of cattle are lost; but if success attend, in an hour or two, sometimes longer, they are brought back, but not quieted, to the camp, where the women and children, affrighted from being roused from slumber by such terrific wars, had been left with armed guards to protect them from the Indians, who roam over these plains in countless numbers, merely in quest of plunder, and perhaps had been the cause of frightening the cattle and causing the stampede; such, in brief, is a stampede; but it must be witnessed to be realized. Capt. Owens (Judge Owens of Hancock county, Illinois) with a company of gold hunters, had a stampede a few weeks ago, about 70 miles from here, and lost upwards of 100 head. They were found near Fort Childs, by Captain Allen Taylor's company of Saints, and returned to them a few days after. The cattle travelled 130 miles in thirty-six hours.

Our statistics are as follows, as near as we can ascertain at present:—

129 Wagons,	4 Ponies,	74 Chickens,	2 Marriages,
467 Souls,	514 Oxen,	22 Cats,	2 Births,
125 Men,	243 Cows,	26 Dogs,	No Deaths,
23 Horses,	70 S. Cattle,	21 Ducks,	157 Guns,
1 Mule,	100 Sheep,	4 Turkies,	38 Pistols.
	12 Pigs,	2 Doves,	

We are composed of Yankees, English, Welsh, Norwegian, &c., yet we are one, although of different dialects and nations. The English are doing first rate, as also the Welsh. They are well fitted out with teams and provisions; are in good spirits, are joyful, and make the camp resound with the songs of Zion in the evening after carreling. Capt. Dan Jones understands his duty, and surely he has done nobly in building up the kingdom of God in his native land, and conducting the company he has across the mighty deep. Surely their prosperity and rejoicing should stimulate their brethren to imitate their example.

There are three companies of Saints a-head of us: Capt. Gully, with President O. Spencer, Capt. Allred's and Capt. Richards's. Capt. Samuel Gully went out last spring as captain of one hundred in Brother Spencer's company, and on the

3rd day of August last we discovered his grave and another, Henry Vanderhoof, of the same company, but not a member of the church, neatly sodded over, and head boards with inscriptions upon them, about 180 miles from Winter Quarters, from which we learned that Brother Gully died of cholera, July 5th, 1849, and Vanderhoof on the 4th. We have also since learned with regret, from the gold diggers that returned after their lost cattle before referred to, that the same company at the Loup Fork, lost one man by drowning, another the Indians shot while out hunting. Four had died of cholera, and two more had been severely injured by cattle in a stampede. At Prairie Creek we saw the grave of an infant, son of Joseph Egbert, who died July 27th, 1849, aged seven months.

We would also recommend the brethren not to calculate to carry over these roads, at the furthest, more than twenty hundred pounds weight, to two good yoke of cattle and a yoke of cows, with wagon not too heavy, as we before referred to, and double covers to the same,—one of the material before mentioned, and the other coarse cotton sheeting, as it will be necessary to shield them and their provisions from the storms, especially such a one as we experienced night before last. We give a sketch of it from Brother Appleby's journal of the camp.

"August 10.—Travelled about 12 miles, some part sandy road; a heavy shower coming on, we encamped early near Low Sandy Bluffs. From about five o'clock, P. M. until midnight, there was one constant and incessant deluge as it were. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed in vivid glare, the thunder rolled in rumbling and terrific peals, the winds howled through our camp of canvass, spread to the enraged elements, and many were the mothers and infants that received the cold drops through their frail covering, and reposed in their saturated beds, without murmuring as it was heaven's will. The cattle bent to the storm as they stood upon their feet, and sometimes gently tried a chain or rope by which they were made fast. The guards, wet and dripping, paced the camp in their several rounds, cried the hours, exposed to the furious and pitiless storm. However, after about seven hours, the elements having spent their fury, a calm subsided, and in the morning the camp arose to behold a beautiful clear sky, a shining sun, cattle all safe, and cheerful and smiling countenances in the camp, and plenty of water around the same! Such is a prairie thunder shower."

We saw Brother T. D. Brown of Liverpool. He paid us a visit while crossing the Missouri river, but in the bustle and hurry we had not time to converse a great deal. He was in good health and spirits, although his business was a little complicated. He rejoiced to behold the camp, and only wished he was ready to go along. He tarries at Kanesville. Sister Smith sends her respects to you and Sister Pratt, and thanks for the presents received. She, together with Sister Benson, wrote a letter at the Horn to Sister Pratt, which we hope she has received. Farewell. May the Lord bless and prosper you for ever. Amen. G. A. SMITH.

W. I. APPLEBY, Clerk and Journalist of the Camp.

Camp of Israel, Spring Creek, 345 miles from Winter Quarters, August 21st, 1849.

Brother Hyde,—We wrote you on the 5th inst., giving you a brief description of our journey up to that date, and sent the same to Fort Childs to be forwarded on to you. Another opportunity favours us this morning of writing you, by Brother Babbitt, who came into camp a few hours ago, twenty-six days from the Salt Lake. The news he brings from there is flattering, and cheering are the prospects before the Saints, as he and the documents he bears will inform you. As it regards the health of our camps, it has been quite good, no serious sickness with the exception of Brother Benson, who has been quite sick, for some ten days with an attack of his old complaint, the bilious cholic; however, he is getting a great deal better, and bids fair for a speedy recovery at present. We have sustained no losses, no serious accidents of any kind, the destroyer has not lain any of us low; but indeed in every thing we have been blessed and prospered, and the angel of peace and mercy, it appears has been our shield, and Joseph's God our kind protector, for which we feel truly thankful to him whose we are, and whom we desire to serve and obey. To be sure we have had our trials in wet, muddy, miry roads, sand bluffs, sloughs, rivers, &c.; also quite frequent and heavy showers of rain, thunder, lightning,

wind, and great hail. But it has caused, where last year no grass grew, and no water to be found, plenty of each for us the present year, and the buffalo, antelope, ducks, &c., supply the camp with meat, which is excellent and plentiful; so you will perceive we are happy and contented, and blessed with the spirit of the Lord. We surely rejoice, and oft is the time the camps resound with the songs of Zion, and fervent aspirations to heaven for the mercies and blessings we enjoy, and protection from the Indians—they have not molested us; indeed, we have not seen half a dozen Indians since we left Winter Quarters. The cholera it appears, has frightened them, and they have deserted the path of the white man; scores of them have already died with it, and left on the prairie, covered over with a few skins, and the wolves have come and devoured the flesh from off their bones.

Last year we requested of the merchants in Kanesville to procure good and substantial materials for wagon covers, which was wanted by the imigrants to the valley, and we expected they would procure it, and they assured us they had, and we purchased under that consideration; but be assured we have been deceived, as the material (although double), will not prevent the rain from coming through and wetting our provisions, beds, &c. We would therefore counsel our brethren, that intend making purchases of material for wagon covers for future emigrating, not to purchase any such material as that sold to us, but purchase good, substantial, glazed cloth or bed ticking.

On the 9th, inst., we passed the grave of a gold digger, and from a writing found upon the same (a copy of which we send you), we learn that it was the grave of Edward Haggard, of Askaloosa, Iowa, (of the Hawkeye company,) who died in June last.

Copy of the writing found upon the tomb, (*Verbatim.*)

"To any one who may read—June 7th, 1849. May known the cause. The Hawkeye company on their journey to California, to inform any one who may read this letter, that mankind whilst journeying through this world are subject to troubles, crosses, and losses, of which we, the Hawkeye company, have to say that we mourn the loss of one of our company, (to wit,) Edward Haggard, of Askaloosa, Iowa, who departed this life June 7th, 1849,—was taken ill at Loup Fork, with diarrhœa, which was the cause of ending his existence here below, we all mourn the loss of a friend, and particularly to be left in a desert land. We add nothing more.

JAMES MCMURRAY, W. W. SAMPSEE,
J. SHRADE, W. G. LEE.

There was a few lines of original (in part) poetry, on his death, which our sheet will not permit us to copy. The reason why we refer so particularly to his death, the copy of the note, &c., is this, Brother Joel Terrill, last spring, purchased some ten dollars' worth of ropes, and came on from the Bluffs to the Elk Horn river, with two or three others to build a raft, that the emigrants might have a way of crossing the river without being detained on their arrival. Accordingly he built his raft, exposed to the attack of the Indians, far from the habitation of white man, &c. Shortly after, the before mentioned Hawkeye company of gold hunters, on their way to California arrived at the Horn, and demanded of Brother Terrill what the fare was for conveyance over the river; he replied, that as he came a considerable way—periled his life as it were, in an Indian country, and attended with considerable expense, trouble, &c., he thought he ought to have one dollar per wagon. They retired a short distance, and shortly after returned, and with guns glistening with bayonets, presented the same at Brother Terrill, and ordered him under the pain of death to leave his raft, which he was compelled to do. They used the raft to cross over, and took the ropes, &c., belonging to Brother Terrill along with them, without remunerating him one cent. Brother Terrill related the circumstance to G. A. Smith, together with the name of the company, &c.

We have been visited with two or three severe hail storms, one took place last Friday evening, a description we copy from Elder Appleby's journal of the camp.

"August 18th.—Last evening we experienced another heavy shower. It came on just as the camps were tying up their cattle. A dark cloud had been observed for some time before, lying off south of the Platte (near by which we were encamped); after some time it appeared to separate, one part passed east of us, the other a short

time after came over us, and saturated our canvass well, and made those that were tying up their cattle expedite the business, or else take the cold and large drops. However, it soon passed over, and appeared to follow the one gone east, as if to wage a battle, as both seemed prepared. After some time they appeared to meet, and both united bent their way to give the camp a round of their artillery. On they came, riding upon the wind with the speed of the lama over the prairies, roaring and rumbling, charged with electricity, the lightnings flashed and presented their vivid glare through the darkness of the night and storm; sometimes a shaft would descend to the earth, followed by rumbling and exploding peals of thunder, that caused the earth to tremble. At length they reached the camp, and as if to defeat us if we undertook to keep them at bay, they first gave us a fine drenching, (perhaps to wet our amunition,) except those whose canvass was thick enough to repel the force of the storm. After a few minutes their batteries were opened indeed: first cannister, then grape, afterwards half-pounders, not hot shot, but cold and hard, was poured into the camp. The plains and distant hills reverberated with the sound of the artillery of heaven. The cattle being made fast, withstood the storm, without seeking for shelter, except some horses that broke loose, and loose cattle in the carrel. The guard, in the midst of the battle, cried the hour as the hail fell upon them, sometimes striking them on the head, nearly stunning them, and cracking like shot or balls when striking the wagon bows, and sprinkling the inmates of the wagons when striking their canvass covering, and rebounding to the ground.

"However, after awhile, appearing to have spent their fury, they retired, leaving the camp master of the field, and a considerable quantity of their large shot lying in and around the camp, which some gathered and put in water and made a pleasant beverage. The camp after their retreat reposed in sleep, the sentinels paced the dark, and in the morning all was well; no one hurt, killed, or wounded, no cattle missing, and not an enemy lying on the battle field."

Farewell, may peace, and happiness, be and abide with you and yours, and all the Saints, and enjoy a crown of eternal life hereafter, is the prayer of your brethren in Christ, GEORGE A. SMITH, EZRA T. BENSON,

W. I. APPLEBY, Clerk.

The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

NOVEMBER 15, 1849.

Elder John Banks, President of the London Conference, will emigrate for the Salt Lake valley, in January or February. Elder Banks has laboured faithfully in this country for many years, and we trust that the branches of the London Conference will open their hearts and contribute liberally to assist him and his family to the place of their destination, and they shall in nowise lose their reward.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elder George Halliday will succeed Elder John Halliday in the Presidency of the South Conference on the first of January next.

Elder Boothe, of London, will preside over the Cheltenham Conference after the first of January.

Elder John Spires, of Norwich, will preside over the Bedfordshire Conference, commencing on the first of January.

Elder Rodgers, of Sheffield, will succeed Elder Milo Andrews in the Presidency of the Liverpool Conference, on the first January next.

After the first of January, 1850, the Macclesfield Conference will be considered as united with and forming part of the Staffordshire Conference, under the Presidency of Elder J. D. Ross, if his health and circumstances will permit.

A REQUEST.—The Presidents of Conferences throughout England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and adjacent countries, are requested to obtain a full representation of the numbers, &c., in their respective conferences, between the 20th and 25th of December, and without fail report the same to us by Christmas, as we wish to publish in No. 1. Vol. xii., a table of representations with the sum total.

BOOK AGENTS.—Our Book Agents are requested to report to us without fail, by the 25th December, how many STARS of Vol. xii. they desire to order, as we wish to begin the volume with a sufficient number to hold out until the end of the year.

EMIGRATION.—Our next ship will sail sometime in December, if we obtain a sufficient number of applications, otherwise not until the fore part of January.

Those who wish to emigrate in January or February, should send in their deposits, &c., between this and the first of December, so that we may have time to make all necessary arrangements for them. In addition to the names, ages, and address, all emigrants should send to us their profession, occupation, or calling, stating whether they are English, Irish, or Scotch. All these items are required by the late law.

No ships will be sent by us from the first of March to the first of September.

The Shipping Agent for the Saints at New Orleans, is Elder Thomas M'Kenzie. His address—Care of James Fisher, 11, Padras Street, New Orleans, U. S. A.

THE "DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS" are now ready. An additional index has been formed in the order of the date in which the several revelations were given.

WE have been obliged to lay over much interesting matter from the Bluffs and the Salt Lake, until our next, for the want of room.

VARIETIES.

A Prefect of one of the French departments mentioned to a friend some days since, as a curious instance of the instability of human affairs, that about twelve months ago he received the following telegraphic dispatch:—"Monsieur le Préfet, arrest by all possible means the citizen Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, should he present himself in your department." (Signed,) "Ledru Rollin."—A year later, the some Prefect received another dispatch in the following terms:—"Arrest by all possible means the citizen Ledru Rollin, if he present himself in your department." (Signed,) "Dufaure, Minister of Louis Napoleon."—*Correspondent of the Times.*

"Sincerity" wants to know if it be possible to obtain the old faith in God that wrought miracles? Faith is the gift of God, and so is the power of healing. We can only obtain what He pleases to give. Many have attempted to recover the healing power, and in making the attempt, extraordinary effects were produced. Prince Hohenloe effected most remarkable cures. He cured the present king of Bavaria of deafness. He raised the Princess Matilda of Schwartzenburg from a bed of illness, where for years she could not even turn herself round. He merely said, "Rise in the name of the Lord," and she rose and walked round the garden with him. This cure was well known to all the aristocracy of Europe, and nothing is better attested. He afterwards lost his power; perhaps he became vain. Mesmerists are now trying without faith, and they do wonders, but very slowly and tediously; whereas, faith is sudden and vigorous. We have just received a pamphlet by Madam Baumaim, a mesmerist, who describes several remarkable cures by mesmerism, and amongst the rest, that of a blind man, named Dennis Lee, in Marylebone Court, whom Mr. Guthrie, at Charing Cross Hospital, pronounced stone blind. Dennis says, his sight is "now quite perfect," after four months treatment. We lately mentioned another case of blindness cured by a lady, the wife of a distinguished prelate. We were not then authorized to mention her name. We may now say, that the lady was Mrs. Whately, wife of the Archbishop of Dublin. Mesmerism is a simple natural agent, and makes no pretensions to a higher mission. But the two facts of faith and mesmerism combined, are sufficient to show that the world, even in these latter days, is not without hope of recovering the healing power in a more permanent and substantial manner than of old. But the spiritual and temporal must unite to complete the restorative influence. Each seems to be imperfect without the other. We have been told of one gentleman who combines the two, and produces most remarkable cures in private; but as yet, our information on the subject is very limited, and we fear to be hasty, either in affirming or denying. We keep both our eyes and our ears open, and see and hear on both sides